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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

"COLLEGE CRITICS" AGAIN.

A few weeks ago, our big, good-natured brother, *The Gazette*, made us the subject of some friendly banter with respect to an editorial published in one of our issues recently, on the subject of Journalism. We had suggested that the public press was not absolutely perfect, and that certain objectionable features might be cured. But we endeavored to pave the way to these gentle strictures by the most profuse, yet sincere, praise of the press and press-men generally.

Our contemporary, the *Queen's Quarterly*, in a moment of weakness published an article on the same subject, and thereupon *The Gazette* proceeded good-humoredly to banter us both. 'Really,' says *The Gazette*, 'we are doing the best we can. There are defects, but when you grow a little older and begin to have some experience of life and knowledge of the world, you will find that there is nothing perfect, and that it is very hard to get anything near to perfection—much less a newspaper.' We are pleased that *The Gazette* has chosen to take us in this wise. We are well aware that the great journal might have come forward in anger, and annihilated

us both. The metropolitan journals have always treated us with great consideration: they have exchanged on even terms with us; and when they take a note from our columns or give us a complimentary paragraph, which they not infrequently do, we take it as a special kindness, and begin to feel that, after all, our college journal is getting on in the world. Nevertheless, we have yet a thought on this subject of journalism, and we come forward to record it with a due and proper fear, and a solemn appreciation of the great tutorial presence; but we beseech *The Gazette* not to harden its heart, nor under the prickle of our guileless compunction to smite us too cruelly. And this time our captious spirit has not to do with language, nor sensationalism, nor prize fights, but with a very important matter, near to the hearts of a large number of our students, and particularly to members of the literary society,—to wit, the singular manner of reporting the political news of the day, and especially the parliamentary debates. In this department of newspaper work there has within late years been a vast amelioration, but it has been due, not to any radical reform in the newspaper sanctuary from whence issue the springs of newspaper vitality, but to a decadence of rabid partyism, a more manly independence, and a higher sense of fair play among the younger generation of electors. Read a newspaper of 20 years ago. Whether it be Tory or Reform, one will search in vain for a true and impartial report of a parliamentary debate or a political meeting, in which the predominating political element is represented by the opposite party. The whole meeting or debate is in the reporter's hands; it is at his mercy. So are not only the speakers, but the whole body of readers. He could and did add, diminish, pervert and prevaricate. Of course, where a verbatim report was given, this was not possible, nor could it occur in the hands of a perfectly fair-minded and truth-loving reporter. Even in giving a report of a political meeting or debate, without changing a word by judicious omissions, a speaker can be made to say most marvellous things. Now-a-days, what the people want is information;—a plain, true, unvarnished report of what is said or done. The statement that Mr. So-and-So "took up the House's time for an hour" will neither convince one section of readers nor please the other. If a report cannot

be given, it is better to say Mr. So-and-So "spoke for an hour." There is no suspicion of malice in that at least. Or, Mr. So-and-So of the opposite party "spoke for two hours but said nothing." Now, this may be perfectly true—more's the pity—but the intelligent reader will inquire: upon whose judgment or dictum are we to rely for this information? The reporter's. But who? Is not the reporter in all fairness bound to sign his name to such a marvellous reportorial condensation?

And here occurs the thought, why do not all contributors and editors, especially, sign their names to their articles? It is so in France by law. A man need not be ashamed of his opinions, if so be they are honest; nor to tell the truth, ever so boldly, and then we have no duelling under the British flag! And what an efficacious curb on malicious reports, unjust attacks, and unfair insinuations. But it will be objected that this principle of sub-signature would destroy the salutary influence of the press. When the newspaper speaks, it is not the voice of a fixed and definite entity that we hear, but that of a vague, intangible and inaccessible personality, emanating we know not whence, but from somewhere in the vicinity of the editorial rooms. We once heard Edward Blake, when threatened with newspaper vengeance, exclaim in great wrath: "What care I for the newspaper! What is the newspaper? It's only a man with a little more ink and paper at his disposal than you or I have." He was a wise man, Edward Blake, and must have known. The influence of the great journals is not due to the anonymity of their editorial columns, but to the able, wise, and judicious manner in which public questions are discussed, their fair and reliable political and commercial reports, and general news, and the belief that they fairly represent the political or other convictions of an influential section of the people. This does not involve an unthinking, superstitious reverence to its anonymity. A great London journal, whose words are quoted the world over, only a couple of weeks ago gave us all a glimpse into the interior workings of the great newspapers. Mr. Cust—if we have the name properly—edited the *Pall Mall Gazette* with great ability. Standing on the watchtower, as it were, with a keen vision to see the trend of events, and a virile perception to draw the true inference, day by day, he spoke through his columns to the nation, good counsel or the judicious policy. Or if he sat downstairs and did the penmanship, and another, his master sought the pulse and spirit and signs of the times, and shaped the policy of the journal,—great must have been the intellect of his master! But lo! one morning, Mr. Cust and all the editorial and reportorial staff were turned out into the street, and

the master revealed himself to the world in the person of John Jacob Astor, American plutocrat. The unfortunate editor had given umbrage to his master by writing up the English view of the Venezuela question, although he had been ordered previously to boom the restoration of the Monarchy in Brazil! Such is the fountain from whence the policy and leading of some of the great journals. In the world of dollars many have heard of John Jacob Astor; in the higher realm of intellect, not so many.

The FORTNIGHTLY sets a good example. Behold our super-signatures. But we would be-cloud our identity. Hence we are all solemnly vowed to secrecy, as to these columns at least; but for every line and sentiment herein indited we hold ourselves jointly, and jointly and severally responsible.

FRIENDS OF MCGILL.

Men and women who have given of their wealth to McGill have deservedly won the esteem of all her sons and daughters, but no less grateful should they feel to those who open their storehouse of learning and experience, and freely give therefrom. Among such benefactors we would class those who, through the columns of the FORTNIGHTLY, give to the students wise thoughts and broad views, the fruit of years rich in educational advantages. To Mrs. Carus-Wilson we are much indebted for her excellent article in this issue, written more especially for the women students, to whom this is not the first gift of much of her time and thought. Not a college session has passed since she came to Montreal in which she has not most practically shown herself their benefactor, for on each occasion of her addressing them, a fresh impetus was given to their thoughts and aims. We read with pleasure and interest of the recent publication of her second book "Tokiwa and other Poems," and trust that her pen may long be wielded, not only in the interests of the readers of the FORTNIGHTLY, but for that wider circle whose affection and admiration she has already won.

CORRESPONDENCE

POLITICAL SCIENCE IN OUR UNIVERSITIES.

To the *Editor* of the FORTNIGHTLY.

DEAR SIR,—

Among the speakers at our University Dinner, none appeared more fully to appreciate the importance of the occasion, festive though it was, nor to make better use of the opportunity of addressing himself to our departments of the University, than did the Minister of Education for Ontario, the Hon. G. W. Ross,

It is needless to say that his address was eloquent and forcible: it was more, it was in the highest degree timely, and must have carried conviction to the minds of those who listened to it.

Two things were strongly brought out by the speaker:—first, the increasing urgency of the demand that greater prominence should be given in the curricula of our Universities to Political Science; and, second, the comparatively insignificant influence of our Canadian Universities in the political life of our young country.

The first question dealt with is one that has, I believe, been recognized by many of our professors as calling for an early and effective solution, and it cannot be long before a chair shall be established giving Political Economy and Constitutional Law the prominence they deserve.

It is true, the latter is provided for in the curriculum of the Faculty of Law, and, I believe, most efficiently treated; but the course is almost wholly out of reach of the student in Arts.

Economic and constitutional questions are constantly before the public of to-day, and the pity is our higher institutions send out their graduates in too many cases wholly ignorant of the most rudimentary principles of political science. And is it so because the study of this branch is less valuable as a mental discipline than the training involved in the study of the other departments to which such prominence is given in the curriculum of our University? I think not.

The science of Political Economy is young no doubt; but for that very reason should prove the more attractive to both teacher and student, and should furnish any extent of unexplored region to the student of this most attractive subject.

We, as Canadians, are proud of our country and its laws. We think we have a constitution that embodies the best elements of the best constitutions of civilized states, and probably we are not far wrong. But how many graduates of Canadian Universities have even a superficial knowledge of the fundamental laws which form the written basis of our constitution, or have any acquaintance with those unwritten principles of constitutional usage, which were a component part of the British Empire have adopted? Not less important are the economic principles underlying the commercial and financial operations and relations of this greatest of commercial nations to which we are proud to belong. To us therefore, who will in the near future form such an important part of the professional and business community of the Dominion, some acquaintance with first principles and fundamental doctrines will be highly important.

Is it any wonder that our University graduates, apart from the members of the legal profession, occupy such a limited sphere in the political life of the day as

they do? It seems to me the two questions,—training in the leading principles of Political Science, and an adequate influence in the great political and social questions of the day,—are intimately associated.

Our Universities will never be fulfilling their function in the State until our young men are in some degree equipped to intelligently face questions of such paramount importance as are presented by the political and social problems of this century.

The remark of Dr. Depew, that "lawyers are the only class who by their training are fitted to be legislators," seems to be a reflection on the training of our young business and professional men. Legislation does not involve a knowledge of the court or office procedure which is the peculiar province of lawyers. What appears to qualify for such work is an acquaintance with the broad principles of general application in the social and economic conditions of any civilized people.

I trust, Mr. Editor, that our journal will raise its voice in favor of the fullest recognition of Political Science in the curriculum of our Arts Faculty.

W. G.

The FORTNIGHTLY is in entire accord and sympathy with the sentiments expressed in this communication. The subject discussed is of the most vital importance, and in no Faculty has the call for Political Science been louder than in the Faculty of Law. It is to be hoped that before many years or even months have elapsed, McGill will be fully equipped in this respect. As our lease of office in connection with the FORTNIGHTLY has almost expired, it will devolve upon our successors to take the matter up, and deal with it in a manner suited to its paramount importance.—ED.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

MODERN HISTORIANS.

MACAULAY.

The name of Macaulay is well known, not only in the usual walks of literature, but in that which is thought to be its most ambitious province,—History. Catherine Macaulay (born in 1733, died in 1791) was an eminent historian in her day, and her work, *The History of England from James I to the Accession of the House of Hanover*, passed through several editions, but is now regarded as worthless. This lady was not, however, related to our later historian, Zachary Macaulay, a friend of Wilberforce, and an advocate of the emancipation of the negroes, to which object he devoted forty years of his life, was not a brilliant writer, nor did he attempt much more than a pamphlet; but he had the honor of being the father of the most successful literary man of his day.

With a learned and pious mother, and a father who had devoted himself to a great cause, we may be sure that education would be a first duty, and the son, Thomas Babington Macaulay, gave early tokens of

strong memory and great imagination. At school he was selected to invent and tell stories, and would repeat the longest tale in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, almost without a fault. It is said, too, that at a long time after he had read it, he could, when grown up, and his memory was to a certain extent loaded, repeat a novel of Sir Walter Scott's, story, characters, and scenery, almost as well as if the book were in his hands. His favorite books were, however, those which may be recommended for simplicity, force and truth of style, which have no vulgarity, and whose pathos, sublimity and narrative power are quite unequalled,—the Bible, Shakespeare and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

From school, Macaulay went to Cambridge, whence he wrote some capital verses, became distinguished as an orator, and contributed to *Knigh's Quarterly Magazine*. The tendency of his mind was shown in the very title of these first essays. His first publication in 1823 (he was born in 1800) was a fragment of a Roman tale, but by far the most noticeable is the "*Conversation between Cowley and Milton on the great Civil War*," in which not only the style of language but that of thought of the Royalist and Republican are well imitated. So brilliant a writer would perhaps hardly in these days be overlooked; and after Macaulay had graduated, he made his real entry into literature through the then royal gates of the *Edinburgh Review*, his first essay being the brilliant one upon *Milton* (August, 1825). Next came another brilliant effort, on *Machiavelli*, and for twenty years, at many intervals, the writer and talker—accepted as a mouth-piece by the Whigs and Constitutionalists—delighted English readers with these masterly productions, which are perhaps as good reading as anyone can well get.

They are brilliant, decisive, in the main correct, and pleasant to read as a novel. They are, perhaps, not so acute as the parallel essays of M. de St. Beuve, but they contain the results of an astonishing memory, ready to marshal facts, excellent in arrangement and order, while the language is as brilliant as it well can be. On the whole, Macaulay's Essays are by far his best work.

He was a most fluent talker; he poured "floods," literally floods of information upon almost any subject; he overwhelmed his hearers and astounded his rivals.

"Oh!" said Sydney Smith—too witty and too wise to take all these radiant-colored fireworks for truth, "Ah, if I was as sure 'of *anything* as Tom Macaulay is of *everything*!" And the sentence is a criticism. Again, in a company where all were wondering at the inexhaustible and splendid talker, Sydney Smith broke in by plaintively asking for a few "brilliant flashes of silence." These sayings will

occur to anyone who reads much of Macaulay. There are, however, a few of his essays exceedingly brilliant. Few men knew more than he did of what he was about to write. He was essentially a man of letters, not an amateur, and he held no uncertain pen. He surrounded himself with the proper books, read deeply, saw quickly, arranged in his mind what he had to say, and ornamented his work with very pleasing diction. The present age hardly appreciates the neatness and clearness of such work. We have not now amongst us a sufficient reverence for superior literary workmen.

Careless writing, bombasted with sensational phrases, is the rule of the day.

To return, however, to Macaulay's brilliant articles, republished as essays, those on Johnson, Clive, Fox, Pitt, Byron, and the comic dramatists, Horace Walpole, Warren Hastings and Machiavelli, are especially worth reading. Macaulay gives his readers a great deal of information. His opinion is of course biased, colored by the medium through which it passes, as light is tinted in going through glass, but it is otherwise pure, and always in a good tone. Not that he strikes us as being ever very elevated and noble; he is too much a man of the world for that, a man early successful, brought out into good life, enjoying (and he really did enjoy, for in those days literature and society were intimates not yet divorced, and the love of money had not quite swamped the love of brain) the cream of society, his poetry—though he had a great deal in him—died like the good seed that grew up among tares, choked by the cares, troubles, anxieties, the pleasures, riches and grandeur of the world in which it is sown.

I have said but little about his poetry. In this, which is, after the manner of Scott, brilliant chronicle writing in excellent rhymes, we see the great author at his best. The battle of Ivry, the Roman ballads, the story of the Armada, are perfect specimens of art. But they are little more than art. Oh! if Macaulay in his ballad of *Virginia*, instead of the bluster and the swagger we had something which would have touched more acutely the sacred source of tears! Perhaps *Horatius* is the best. There is a swing, a martial ardor in the verses, a manly, honest ring which is essentially charming. You could not give a better present to a manly, ardent boy than these ballads. Moreover, Macaulay took the right view of the matter. Niebuhr had started the theory that the old Roman legends, upon which the early history of Rome was based, were mere ballad matters, myths, things that had not occurred, and were only dreamt of. Macaulay put these legends into ballads, and revived them, showing that there was real life and fact in them. The story of Romulus and Remus, suckled by a wolf, may be a myth, but it is not im-

possible, and has been paralleled in modern times. As for the *Horatii*, *Virginia* and the rest, we believe them as firmly as we do Chevy Chase and the battle of Otterburn. The fact is, they would be more wonderful as fables than as truths. The actual truth may have been perverted, the characters exaggerated, the local coloring may be false, but the kernel of the fable is true. We have had a great many denials knocked to pieces by Gell's *Pompeii*, Rawlinson's *Egypt*, and Layard's *Nineveh*. Years ago it was the fashion to call Herodotus the father of history and of lies; now, every day proves that what he tells of his own observation is accurate and true.

Macaulay's political career commenced in 1830. The Government made him Secretary of the Board of Control for India, he went to India as a member of the Supreme Council, and in two years he added considerably to his fortune, but not to his fame as a legislator. On his return he represented Edinburgh, but quarrelled with his constituents; and having severed his connection with them, he returned to his old love,—literature, writing essays for the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and others. For the last twelve years of his life he was engaged in writing his History, which I have yet to notice. In 1857 the brilliant leader-writer was chosen as the representative man of letters, and his honors culminated in a baron's coronet. He was at last Lord Macaulay. New editions of his works were asked for, and he was expected to make brilliant flashes, not of silence, but of eloquence in the House of Lords. It was not so. The dignity which was long in coming, he did not wear long. In 1859 he died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

What we have now to do with, is the History left us by this brilliant man. Urged by booksellers to write,—if it be that publishers always first suggest—Macaulay undertook a task which every day becomes more difficult,—that of writing a history of times in which he had lived only in imagination. A judicious reader well knew that there are a thousand points in the history of every man, and of every minister or king (upon which anyone, even the best informed, may be mistaken), that the historian is called upon to report,—matters of which he can have no positive knowledge; and that before his path lie the thousand pitfalls, cunningly prepared by critic and antiquary, who are glad to take advantage of his slips.

The public welcomed the Historian in his difficult task, and when the first two volumes appeared, the work was in as much demand as any novel; and very much like an historical novel the book reads. The first chapter opened with a grave and majestic tone of writing and march of language not unworthy of a historian.

"I purpose," wrote Macaulay, "to write the History of England, from the Accession of King James the Second, down to a time which is in the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which in a few months alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our Sovereigns and their Parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. * * How the authority of the law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European Powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels, which to the statesmen of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how in America the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortes and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles the Fifth; how, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander."

We can readily perceive how the style marches. We can read many pages of such brilliant writing without feeling tired, for the buoyant words carry along the reader as a giant river carries along a swimmer upon its mighty bosom. After the glories of the kingdom came the antithesis of defeat and trouble. The historian was also to relate how the evils of our system grew up with the good; how "imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties" which bound America to its parent state; how

"Ireland cursed by the domination of race over race, and religion over religion, remained indeed a member of the empire, but a "withered and distorted member, adding no strength to the body politic, and reproachfully pointed at by all who feared or envied "the greatness of England."

Unfortunately, for although we by no means estimate Macaulay's as a great History, we can yet appreciate its merits,—the author did not live to carry on his gigantic task, or to even approach the completion of the work. The part he was most fitted to do was left out. Vols. I and II extend from 1685 to the Proclamation of William and Mary; Vols. III and IV from the years 1689 to 1697; and in 1861 a fifth volume was added, completing the work from the posthumous notes of the author to the death of his favorite and hero, William III. This was edited by his daughter, Lady Trevelyan, and had the advantage of a copious index. But, after all, Macaulay's History is a vast fragment, a fine torso of a statue,—no more. In the 3rd chapter of Vol. I. occurs the celebrated sketch of the manners of the people, in which every squire is represented as an ignorant brute, every parson when young as a "young Levite" ready to marry a cast-off mistress or a worn-out waiting woman; and, when old, as carting dung, feeding pigs, unable to rear his family, sending his daughters

to service and his sons to beggary or the army. The gentry are all coarse and ignorant, receiving an education differing little from that of a menial servant, not materially different from a rustic miller or alehouse keeper of our time. Their chief pleasures were commonly derived from field sports and unrefined sensuality. Their language was such as we should now expect from only the most ignorant clowns; their oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest provincial accent. But if the gentry were thus pictured from play-books and pamphlets, the clergy came off worse. If any man was a Tory, he was at once ticketed as a rogue. Over most of his political opponents Macaulay emptied a slang dictionary of abuse, little befitting the dignity of History. The church and the clergy are equally well bespattered. A nobleman is described as "a dogged, rancorous, hating party-man, whom the clergy consequently looked upon as their own, and extended their indulgence to his drinking and swearing." In short, Macaulay in his History gives abundant proofs of his doing that which no historian should do. He may not indeed be impartial, but he has no right to be unjust. Those whose politics were not of the true Whig shade were blackened and distorted; they who were Whigs, even when proved to be traitors and even murderers receiving bribes from France, were white-washed and set straight.

But there are graver faults than this in Macaulay. He is always so "cock-sure" of everything. He has a subjective style, which, however picturesque it may be in a novel, is out of place in a history. If Macaulay had been side by side, or indeed inside the hearts of those whom he speaks, he could not have described their motives and motions with more circumstantiality. Now such circumstantiality all reflective persons must know to be false. These errors are indeed spontaneously redundant. Voluptuous description and minute delineation as to fact or circumstance startle the reader in a history, although they please him in a novel. Lord Macaulay is not so much a writer of history as an historical novelist; and while we admire his vigor and picturesque style, his immense memory and wide range, we cannot give to his book that credence and authority which "Grave History" is entitled to.

H.M.

COLLEGES FOR WOMEN IN THE HOMELAND.

BY MRS. ASHLEY CARUS-WILSON, B.A.

Time was when an article on Colleges for Women must have been in the main a plea for what might be and ought to be, rather than an account of what is. Now, however, though the antiquated objections to

that higher education of women for which *colleges*, as contrasted with *schools*, provide, are occasionally furbished up, the battle for them has been fought and won, and it will be enough for a writer in the MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY in 1896 to give their history, already somewhat long and complex, and to take the arguments on their behalf for granted. I tell this story from the point of view of a graduate of the University of London, and former student of University College, London, to whom residence in the British capital meant varied opportunities of hearing about the movement as a whole, and of becoming personally acquainted with some of its leaders. To the men who have generously shared with us intellectual privileges once exclusively theirs, and to the women of an older generation who labored to win for us what they themselves longed for in vain, we of the new age, reaping as a matter of course where they sowed, in spite of much hindrance and opposition, owe a deep debt of gratitude.

My story begins with two great English men of letters. Daniel Defoe, in his "Essay on Projects" (1697), suggests among good schemes, which have since been carried out, a college for the higher education of women. Tennyson, 150 years later, pictured that college through an exquisite poet's dream in his "Princess" (1847), closing with the prophetic words

"Maybe wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth."

Like the "beautiful building" reared by Browning's Abt Vogler at the organ, his "fair college" is an unreal fabric, of fantastic structure throughout. It is dissolved, and its fair head "comes down" like any other maid from "yonder mountain height" to learn that

"The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom."

But we utterly misunderstand the poet's purpose if we think he argued either playfully or seriously against higher education. As an artist, he sees the whole subject in its ideal—that is, in its largest and loftiest aspects, and goes to the root of the matter in the famous words,

"For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain."

Love is here used in its widest sense of all those home affections which make up the best part of the lives of men as well as of women. For with wonderful skill the poet solves each of the problems in his poem, by human love in one or other of its strongest and deepest forms. We cannot make woman as the man; nature is too strong. We do not want to do so, for the loss would more than counterbalance the gain. But away with learning if it is to turn women into hard-hearted pedants. Says Kingsley in his "Yeast"

(published four years after the "Princess") :—"Tennyson shows us the woman when she takes her stand on the false masculine ground of intellect, working out her own moral punishment by destroying in herself the tender heart of flesh.....She falls from pride to sternness, from sternness to sheer inhumanity." Culture of the right kind need not have this result, was the answer then. It has not had it, is the answer now; when we can show that instead of taking woman out of her own place into a place she could never fill so well, it actually aids her in adorning her own place and in fulfilling her peculiar duties as the "home-maker."

Not with a rebuke, still less with a scoff, did the poet meet the new aspirations of women 50 years ago. His thought remains as true as ever; his warning is not altogether unneeded now. His poetical embodiment of both truth and warning was a happy inauguration of the whole British movement for higher education.

One year later, on May 1st, 1848, the first English college for women was opened, Frederick Denison Maurice being one of its founders. This was *Queen's College*, Harley Street, London, incorporated in 1853.

History repeats itself. A ladies' association organizing classes, lectures and examinations, by university professors, but not at the University, gradually working on to a college for women and admission to university lectures and degrees,—such is the sequence of events at *Oxford*, Cambridge, London and Edinburgh. We take the story as it concerns the first three, and the reader must decide which university has been foremost in the enterprise since the one that formed the first residential college for women is likely to be the last in admitting them to its degrees.

As early as 1865, some lectures and classes for women were organized at *Oxford*, but its "Association for Promoting Higher Education of Women" was not formed till 1878, or officially recognized till 1893. In October, 1879, two residential colleges for women were opened: Somerville Hall and Lady Margaret Hall.

Somerville Hall (now Somerville College) consists of three groups of buildings occupying three acres, and accommodating 65 students. They must satisfy the Principal on entrance that their attainments are such as will enable them to benefit by the course of study, and must obtain special permission each term to continue in residence, if they do not take the University examinations. The total charge for board, lodging and tuition (not including the University fees) is from £86 to £92 a year. Miss A. Maitland is the Principal.

Lady Margaret Hall accommodates about 40 students, and unlike Somerville College, which is "strictly

undenominational," it is on Church of England principles. Students must be over 16, and must have passed an entrance examination, or its equivalent. Each, as at Somerville, has one room. The charges are £75 a year for board and lodging, with about £24 a year for tuition in addition. Miss Wordsworth is the Principal. Various scholarships are given both at Somerville and at Lady Margaret.

A third college, *St. Hugh's Hall*, accommodating 25 students, was founded in 1886, on Church of England principles, like Lady Margaret. Its charges are from £45 to £65 a year, with £15 to £25 for tuition also, and its Principal is Miss Moberly. Besides these colleges, some smaller houses for students have been lately opened at Oxford.

Though it does not as yet actually confer its degrees on women, Oxford offers them many advantages for special study, and admits them to most of the classes held by University and College lecturers even if they do not offer themselves for public examinations. Those who take the full course for the B.A. are required to conform to all University regulations as to residence, terms of study, etc. and "their names are published in the same manner as those of the men." The Honors Moderations and final Honor Schools of Mathematics, Science and Modern History were opened to them in February, 1884, and in 1894 all the other examinations except those for medical degrees, besides an Honor Examination in Modern Languages for women only.

The first lectures and classes for women at *Cambridge* were formed in 1870, the same year that the Ladies' Educational Association at Montreal was organized. The Cambridge Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women dates from October, 1873.

Four years earlier, in October, 1869, a residential college for women at Hitchin was opened, which was moved to its present abode some three miles from Cambridge, and incorporated as *Girton College* on July, 20th 1872. This is the oldest and one of the largest residential colleges for women in England. As the copy of its latest report expected for many weeks past has not yet reached me, my statistics are less complete than I could wish. But vivid impressions of a bright little visit paid to its Mistress, Miss Welsh, in November, 1890, remain with me. Unlike Somerville and Newnham Colleges, it consists of one imposing Gothic building, designed to extend all round its quadrangle in time, with a fine peal of bells in its square tower. It accommodates about 150 students, each of whom has two rooms. At 8 a.m. the Mistress reads prayers, the psalms for the day, and collects from the Liturgy. All then adjourn for breakfast to the great hall with its high table for the staff, its portraits of Miss Emily Davies, foundress

of Girton, Lady Stanley of Alderley, and others, and on the mantelpiece, the silver cup won in a tennis match with Newnham. During my visit, this meal was interrupted by an alarm of fire, and a stampede, followed by laughter along the corridor and speedy return. The summons had merely been a test of the fire-brigade's readiness to go into action. Lectures in Cambridge by University and college lecturers, and in 14 lecture rooms at Girton by the resident staff and some 30 visiting lecturers fill the morning, and to these no outsiders, not even members of the College Committee admitted. Lunch is served from 12 to 3. Then comes recreation and exercise till afternoon tea in their own rooms; each student finds a charm in boiling her own kettle, "for myself and a chosen friend or two." Dinner is at 6 or 6.30, and all lights are out at 10 o'clock after an evening of diligent study.

Three points of contrast between Girton and other Cambridge colleges struck me: its portals and dining hall served throughout by the "neat-handed Phillis;" the tasteful decoration of both private and public rooms with chrysanthemums in profusion; and, in contradistinction to such mellowed tomes as those of Trinity College, the modern character of the volumes in its Library, to which Mr. Ruskin had just presented his "Songs of Tuscany."

The germ of *Newnham College* was a house for five students, of which Miss Clough took charge in October, 1871. Its South (or Old) Hall was opened under her in 1875; Sidgwick (or North) Hall in 1880; and Clough Hall in 1888. Newnham College was incorporated in 1880. These three halls stand on some $8\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and are connected by covered corridors. They contain nine lecture and class rooms, and accommodate about 150 students besides the Staff. Each student has one room. Its Library contains over 8,000 volumes. The foundress, Anne Jemima Clough (1820-1892), is commemorated by the fine bronze gates subscribed for by over 500 past and present students, and presented to the college on November 3, 1894. Mrs. Henry Sidgwick is the present Principal; and the vice-principals, each in charge of a Hall, are Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the late Premier, Miss Stephen and Miss M. E. Rickett, a 25th Wrangler. Students are not admitted under 18, and the average age for entrance is 21 or 22; they must have passed an entrance examination or its equivalent, and, as a rule, only those reading for a Tripos, with a reasonable prospect of obtaining honors, can reside at Newnham for more than two years. The complete course involves residence for either three or four years. As at Girton, instruction is given partly by resident lecturers, partly in the ordinary university lectures. The charges for board, lodging and tuition (not including examination fees) is from £25 a term,

the terms being eight or nine weeks. Several scholarships, some of as much as £50 a year, are given.

The total number of past and present students is 999. In November, 1894, the Principal was able to report that Newnham stood third on the list of colleges in Cambridge, second to Trinity and St. John's only in the number of its students who had taken honors, and fourth on the list of colleges for first classes.

But although, last year, 112 of the university professors, university readers and university and college lecturers at Cambridge had opened their lectures to women (*i.e.*, to Girton and Newnham students, and to others living in Cambridge with parents and guardians, who are "out-students" at Newnham), no woman can as yet write "B.A. Cantab" after her name. They are admitted to university examinations, and receive certificates accordingly, but their names are published in a separate list, showing what places or classes they would have taken in the Tripos had they been men. As Sir William Dawson said in his lecture to the Delta Sigma Society in December, 1894: "There is something pathetic in this injustice, and in the meekness with which it has been borne. Year by year, the women have gone up for the same examinations with the men, and have proved themselves their equals, even in the mathematical Tripos, but they have been denied the distinction for which they have worked so well, though the University cannot refuse to grant its certificates of passing and honors. Yet the women have their revenge, for the policy of exclusion has caused it to come to pass, that instead of falling into the position of mere partial students, they go up for honors and take them, so that all the world knows that the average standing of the women is higher than that of the men, and that the greater number of the men who go out with the poll B.A. are inferior to the women who receive no degree."

The Newnham statistics quoted above, and the fact that all the principal subjects for which honors are offered at the University are taken up by some women, is even more significant of the serious aims and efforts of women students than even such brilliant successes as those of Miss Ramsay (Mrs. Montagu Butler) of Girton, who took the first place in the Classical Tripos of 1887, and of Miss Fawcett of Newnham, who came out "above the senior wrangler" in 1890.

We turn to a University that does not refuse the "guinea's stamp" to its gold, and women must feel proud of the fact that its degrees are reckoned the hardest of all British degrees to obtain. At London, the intellectual equality is so absolute, that one hears of the examiner in an important honors examination, asking, after he had sent in his returns, which of the papers he had just marked were written by women.

Not once, but often, have women distinguished themselves in its lists.

The efforts of Thomas Campbell the poet, of George Grote the historian, of Lord Brougham, and others, to found a metropolitan university in which the highest education should be open to all comers, without the imposition of religious tests, resulted in October, 1828, in the opening of a large pile of buildings in Gower Street, London, as "the University of London." This was seven years after McGill received its first Charter, but 24 years before this University began its career as an important educational institution. Eight years later, two charters were signed on the same day, 28th November, 1836, the one establishing this foundation under the name of *University College, London*, as a teaching body, preparing for degrees in Arts, Medicine, Law and Science, but not conferring them; the other establishing under the name of *The University of London*, an examining body to confer degrees but not to teach, whose abode is just off Piccadilly and Regent's Street, and in the same block as the Royal Academy.

This University founded a special examination for women in 1867, and in 1869, by a slight change in the wording of the constitution of University College, its sphere of labor was no longer limited to "young men." In the spring of 1869, the London Ladies' Educational Association organized two courses of lectures to women by University College professors at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, and in 1871, two small Science Classes for women were held within the College, "for convenience of access to apparatus necessary for experiment." These classes were arranged to begin and end at the half hour, so that men and women students need not encounter each other in the corridors. Gradually all the women's classes were transferred to the College, and, finally, in the case of some very small senior classes, those for Political Economy and Hebrew, whose students could be trusted as sober and mature, they ventured to gather men and women in the same class room at the same time, as indiscriminately as if they had been at church or in a drawing room. According to the *Queen* of October 17th, 1874, there were then 300 women and 900 men students at University College.

In January, 1874, Parliament had been memorialized by 471 graduates of the University to admit women to its degrees; in January, 1878, the Senate laid a Charter for their admission before Convocation, which Convocation approved of by a majority of almost two to one. This Charter was finally granted to the University on March 4, 1878, and one result was a great impetus to the women's classes at University College, which had always been foremost in preparing for London degrees.

Later on still when I became a student there, the question as to mixed classes was working out to a very practical solution. For instance, a Greek class, meeting twice a week, consisted of myself and Miss Mary Robinson (now Madame Darmesteter), the well-known author. After a while, the professor gave us our choice between continuing this plan, or joining the men's class for the same books, which met thrice a week. Anxiety to learn as much Greek as possible carried the day, and we two young girls took our places side by side in the general class, and had no cause to regret doing so. Equally practical considerations divided some of the very large classes into two halves, one for men and one for women students. In class rooms and library, the women sat with the men, generally in little groups of two or three together; and they had their own reading room and their own common room for rest and refreshment between lectures, their whole department being looked after by a lady superintendent. Even more here than elsewhere, the rule that a girl who respects herself will always be treated with respect held good; and when a girl took a first place in the examinations that would in former days have been won by a man, the feeling seemed entirely generous; and the competition stimulated both men and women to renewed earnestness over their work. In case there are some left, however, whose ideal for and of the girl of to-day is low enough for them to fancy that a college career may hinder her "chances of matrimony," or that study in a men's college may lead to idle flirtation, I may mention that a very happy marriage took place between two of my fellow-students who attended the same lectures for the same degree during several years, but never actually spoke to each other till both had added "B.A. with honors" to their names.

Before turning to residential colleges for women working for London University, reference should be made to *College Hall*, Byng Place, London, opened in October, 1882, as a residence for women studying at University College, who were not like myself inhabitants of the metropolis; and of *Bedford College* as another non-residential college for women in London.

In October, 1882, was opened *Westfield College, Hampstead*, endowed by Miss Dudin Brown, to provide residence and instruction for women preparing for London degrees on Church of England principles. Like Girton, it has a *Mistress*, not a *Principal*, and Miss Constance Maynard, one of the first Girtonians who took the Moral Science Tripos at Cambridge, began her work there with Miss Katharine Tristram, B.A. Lond. (now Principal of the Bishop Poole Memorial School at Osaka, Japan) as resident tutor, in a private house containing five students. In a year or two they had filled the two adjoining houses

and a fourth as well. Then, when the living college of students had already taken a good place in the London lists, Kidderpore Hall at Finchley was purchased, a fine building which accommodates nearly 50 students, and can be added to as time goes on. Students must be over 18, and must have passed an entrance examination or its equivalent. Each has two rooms, and the charges for three terms of about eleven weeks each are £105, which includes examination fees. Writing to me just thirteen years after she began to shape its destinies, Miss Maynard says that she can feel the College was worth giving a life to; that of the 115 students from it now out in the world, the large majority are doing some sort of good and useful work, whether public or private. Four of them have become missionaries. As at Oxford and Cambridge, the resident staff, several of whom are former students graduating from the College, is supplemented by visiting lecturers. Scholarships are also given.

It is at Oxford, whose own architecture makes it second to none among the beautiful cities of the world, that the women's colleges are most modest architecturally. It is at Oxford also, with its unequalled traditions of a whole millennium of learning, that a woman can get a university education at the smallest cost. For the college of grandest architecture and most sumptuous equipment, which claims to cover more ground than any other college buildings in the world, we must turn to *Holloway College, Egham, Surrey*, reared at a cost of nearly £1,000,000, whose only tradition, so far, is the profitable popularity of a patent medicine. It is within five miles of Windsor, a vast pile of red brick faced with grey stone, round two quadrangles. In the centre of one is a marble statue of Her Majesty, who opened the College on 30th June, 1886, and permitted it to be called the Royal Holloway College; in the centre of the other, a marble group of the founder and his wife. It accommodates over 200 students, each of whom has two rooms; its dining hall is 100 ft. long and 30 ft. wide and high. It has a very ornate chapel, and a gallery of well-known modern pictures gathered together, "regardless of cost." Students must pass an entrance examination, and the charges are £90 a year, exclusive of examination fees. Many scholarships are given. There were 88 students there last summer, but I gathered from the secretary's statements that Westfield, with half that number, had sent up as many for the London examinations as Holloway had done. Holloway, however, works for Oxford examinations as well. Cambridge ones are out of the question, owing to the conditions of residence required by that University. Miss Bishop is the Principal, and her staff are, almost without exception, university women. Its religious basis is undenominational.

The founder's aim was that it should ultimately become a university wholly feminine, granting its own degrees, as Wellesley College does. That American foundation illustrates the advantages of such a scheme in emphasizing studies of special value to women; its 153 Grecians to 85 Latinists in recent lists reverses the old preference of Latin to Greek for instance in a curious way. But it also illustrates its disadvantages in inevitably setting up a different standard of attainment, and incidentally of depriving women of the great benefit of being taught by first-rate men, as they are now taught at our English Universities.

Preparation for London degrees can also be obtained at two great collegiate schools, containing, if I mistake not, over 500 scholars each, and adding to the school proper what is virtually a college, where girls, instead of "finishing at 17," can work on into the twenties till they graduate. The founders of both were among the first students at Queen's College, whose schemes included classes and certificates for teachers. Miss Beale still presides over the *Ladies' College, Cheltenham*; but the *North London Collegiate School for Girls* has now a second head in Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., Lond. Her predecessor was one of the pioneers of the whole movement. Miss Frances Mary Buss (1827-1894) opened a small private school in Kentish Town, London, with six pupils in 1848. Moved to Camden Town in 1850, its numbers increased rapidly, and its pupils more than 30 years ago, were among the first who were sent up for the Cambridge Local Examinations, now so largely used by schools throughout the country. Great city companies came forward to endow her foundation, which was as much her own creation as the somewhat similar foundation of St. Paul's was Dean Colet's foundation; and the Girls' Public Day School Company took her school as the model for what are now the leading girls' schools in England. She founded the Head Mistresses Association, and in its early days, as many as one-third of the students at Girton had been her pupils.

I purposely omit here any reference to medical colleges for women, as I told the whole story of their medical education last year in a lecture, which has been published in Montreal by Messrs. Lovell, and our subject is already large enough to be almost unwieldy.

Nor can I do more than mention the *Ladies' Department of King's College at Kensington*, through which that College (founded a few years after University College to do similar work on Church of England lines) took its share in the higher education of women, in a way peculiar to itself. Classes taught by King's College professors were opened in Kensington in 1878. They do not prepare for any

university examinations (I believe), but give an opportunity to society women and girls who could not undertake a regular college course, to follow up some definite study on leaving school. They have doubtless encouraged others, as they encouraged me, to go on to a college course, having once tasted the delight of voluntary after-school study.

Crossing the Tweed, we note the Edinburgh Ladies Association for organizing lectures to women in connection with *Edinburgh University*, in 1868, the fact that in November, 1869, five ladies matriculated at Edinburgh, but were not permitted to proceed to a degree, and that in 1894, acting upon the Ordinance of the University Commissioners in 1892, Edinburgh admitted women to its degrees. In 1878, *St. Andrew's University* established an L.L.A. degree for women, which many have since obtained. In 1883, *Queen Margaret College at Glasgow* was founded, in connection with the Glasgow University Faculty of Arts, and all the Glasgow degrees are now open to women. From the *Times* of January 10th, 1896, we learn that during 1895, of 2,836 matriculated students at Edinburgh, 167 were women, 160 of whom were in Arts, 5 in Music, and 2 in Science.

Crossing St. George's Channel, we note that the new *Royal University of Ireland* admitted its first nine girl graduates in 1884 to the B.A. degree. *Victoria College, Belfast*, has sent up a good contingent to this University. Under its Principal, Mrs. Byers, it has grown from a girls' school into a most important centre of Irish higher education.

In Wales, we note *Aberdare Hall, Cardiff*, opened in 1885, under the charge of the Hon. Isabel Bruce (now Mrs. Russell), daughter of Lord Aberdare, the energetic worker in the higher education cause after whom it was called.

Summing up, eight of the ten British Universities,—London, Durham, Victoria, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen St. Andrew's and the University of Ireland,—now admit women to their degrees. In 1895, a Committee of the Council of Oxford University was appointed to consider the desirability of granting degrees to women. March 3rd, 1896 is fixed as the date for submitting the matter to Congregation. There is some danger that Cambridge which, 20 years ago, was acting as pioneer in the movement for extending the advantages of academic education to women, should be the last to bestow, upon them the traditional recognition of their work. Four memorials, one signed by 2,088 members of the Senate, and one by 1,172 students of Girton and Newnham are now before the Council of the Senate, strongly urging the admission of women to the Cambridge degree. With this latest intelligence from the *Times* of February 21st, 1896, I end our story.

What can be said as to actual results of this higher education?

Random statements as to its adverse results on the health and consequently on the usefulness of women have been made. In order to test these, a mass of statistics were gathered in 1887, by means of questions addressed to Oxford and Cambridge students, comparing each with the sister nearest in age to herself who had not been to college, *i.e.*, who had had with that exception the same heredity and environment. The fact has thus been satisfactorily established that there is nothing in university education specially injurious to the constitution of women, or involving greater strain than they can ordinarily bear without injury.

As for positive results, college education, by qualifying the woman teacher as she was never qualified before, has won her a status hitherto enjoyed only by the exceptionally gifted; and has asserted that for women also education is a science, and teaching a learned profession, not a mere trade. Statistics of Newnham College in November, 1894, showed that of its 720 past students, 374 were teaching, mainly at the high schools. Not only are college women doing what women have done hitherto better than it has been done before; they are shaping new careers for women. Not to speak of the medical woman or the woman journalist, we may note feminine contributions to the organization of philanthropy, as, for instance, in the Women's University Settlement at Southwark, or the valuable chapters by Miss Clara Collet, M.A. Lond., in Mr. Charles Booth's "Life and Labor of the London Poor." In the field of pure scholarship again, Aberdeen has lately recognized the researches in classical archæology of Miss Jane Harrison of Newnham, by making her an Hon. LL.D. Above all, experience shows that college women do not constitute a class by themselves, out of sympathy with the rest of the community, but take their place among their sisters as daughters, wives and mothers, who are thoroughly efficient because thoroughly trained labourers towards all that we all believe to be our highest good.

A DAY IN LONDON.

In this age of travel and books of travel, when, either by means of the accounts of others or through his own observation, everyone has some knowledge of all the important countries and cities of the world, it may appear superfluous to write for a journal like the FORTNIGHTLY, a paper with the above heading; nevertheless, to those undergraduates who may be contemplating a visit to the Old World, as a suggestion of how time, when limited, may be husbanded,

an account of the manner in which one day was spent in the great Metropolis may not be wholly unacceptable.

Starting at an early hour, we entered the Gower street station, and took train for Aldersgate street, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the heart of the city. To obtain some conception of the immense amount of business transacted, one requires to be in this region in the early morning, when the street, and lanes are thronged with the busy multitudes their hurried steps and eager faces betokening the great struggle in which they are engaged to gain a livelihood or add to the wealth already acquired.

We then proceeded to the Tower of London, so interesting to the visitor, not only on account of its great age and its historical associations, but because of the wonderful collection of valuable mementoes which it contains.

We were admitted to the Wakefield tower, the repository of the crown jewels, containing also the royal crown and sceptre coronation ampula and baptismal fonts. In the White Tower where Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned, and where he wrote his "History of the World," there was pointed out to us the place where the bones of the young princes are said to have been discovered.

We also inspected the Beauchamp tower, where Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Gray were imprisoned, and Tower Green, where these two illustrious women, as well as many other persons equally renowned, were executed at the block.

The Bell Tower is no longer open to the public.

The Banqueting Hall is very interesting. Although it is now used as an armory, yet it speaks to us forcibly of the past. It contains about 60,000 rifles. The upper floor is now a museum, containing multitudinous specimens of ancient weapons and armor, relics of great soldiers, instruments of torture.

The utmost courtesy is extended to visitors by the officers around this grim historic place. The veteran who conducted us through it relates some very curious inquiries which are made by tourists, as "Oh! will you please show us the place where Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded."

An inspection of the new tower bridge was the next item on our day's programme. This structure is a marvelous exhibition of engineering skill. It relieves the other bridges over the Thames of many thousands of foot and carriage passengers each day. Taking the speediest mode of transit, we come next to Westminster Bridge, from which a fine view is obtained of the Houses of Parliament, and from which also, though not so well here as from London Bridge, one may obtain some idea of the traffic on the muddy Thames below.

Time was precious, and although we could long have

lingered here, the bridge was crossed, and Westminster Abbey was in sight. No amount of reading can give us an adequate conception of the grandeur and beauty of this old church, and even were we to possess the clearest ideas concerning it, nothing else can supply the feeling of awe aroused by a visit to the historic pile. Two hours spent in that enchanting place, furnishing as it does so much material for soul-absorbing reflection, seem but a brief moment; but in that short time we were able to have a look over the entire building, with the exception of one or two parts, which were that day excluded from the public.

But days might be spent here in profitable and delightful research. Here all the sovereigns of England, from Edward the Confessor to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, were crowned, and the dust of many of them lies within its tombs.

Perhaps the most interesting are the chapels which no visitor should neglect to see. Each has its own individual history, and within lie buried royal personages, the sight of whose graves seems to invest our knowledge of the history of the times in which they lived with a reality not before felt.

A few days later, on Sunday, we again repaired to the Abbey, and listened to a magnificent rendering of the service, besides hearing a powerful sermon from the lips of the new rector of St. Margaret's, successor to Dr. Farrar, now Dean of Canterbury.

There is no better or cheaper way of seeing the outside of the great Babylon, than by occupying an outside seat on one of the numerous 'buses, the large business done by which may be realized when we are told that in one year they accommodate a greater number of passengers than the entire population of the United States. The underground railway is a much faster mode of conveyance, and must be called into requisition by the tourist. It accommodates 500,000 passengers per diem. Taking the 'bus then from Westminster Bridge, we pass through crowded thoroughfares, our courteous fellow-passenger beside us pointing out on every side objects of genuine interest. Exeter Hall, the headquarters of the London Y. M. C. A., and the Guild Hall, the Council Hall of the city of London each received a short visit, then the Bank of England, and a brief sojourn in that neighborhood, with a glance at the Royal Exchange and the Mansion House, and the first half of our day was well over.

After lunch, the 'bus is again mounted and a new route taken. Leaving the "Bank," our course took the direction of Piccadilly, Knightbridge and Kensington Gore. On one side of the latter road is Hyde Park, with its broad acres of pleasure grounds, its fine trees, artificial lake, and stately monuments. All classes of the people are to be found here, the very poorest enjoying as his right the advantages which the place affords,

while at certain hours of day the *élite* of English, society, with their magnificent horses and carriages throng the drive in Rotten Row. The Albert Memorial, erected partly by public subscription at a cost of £120,000, is a worthy tribute to the memory of the Prince Consort.

Kensington Palace is also seen, where Queen Victoria was born, where also she received the tidings of the death of Wm. IV, and her consequent accession to the throne.

Alighting from the 'bus we visited the Orient, an exhibition of Eastern life and manners, on so grand a scale that it would be impossible to describe it. Here 1,400 persons were to be seen on the stage at the same time, along with many animals of different kinds. The theatre itself is only a small part of the entertainment provided, for in the numerous halls and galleries, as no less in its adjoining gardens, no trouble or expense is spared in order to make it as a place of amusement and recreation for London's tired multitudes, entirely worthy of the city.

Returning by the same route as far as one of the stations of the underground railway, we took train for Madame Tussaud's establishment, containing the finest collection of wax works in the world. An extra payment admits one to the Chamber of Horrors, and to the Napoleon room where many interesting relics of the great General are to be seen. We then returned to our starting-point, which we reached before 6 o'clock and anxious to lose no time, we again set out after dinner. This time our journey was to be on foot, for we wished, like Dr. Johnson, to take "a walk down Fleet street."

Traffic at this time of the day is much reduced, but more opportunity is thus afforded for reflection. The interest which attaches to this street is not so much of the present but of the past. Strolling not only along Fleet street itself, but diverging sometimes into the lanes and squares which adjoin it, one cannot but feel the charm which belongs to the neighborhood, when he remembers the names of that host of choice spirits which frequented it. Here met Johnson and Goldsmith. Here also Shakspere, Bacon, Jonson, Raleigh, Beaumont, Fielding, Blackstone, Cromwell, and how many other men of great genius walked and talked. Then Ludgate Hill is reached, and at the top the awe-inspiring proportions of St. Paul's confront us. When the countryman from York visited the city for the first time, and beheld St. Paul's, he said to his wife: "See, there, lass, there be Paul's church; ecod, he be a soizable one, he be;" and another, breaking into verse, expressed himself thus:—

"I set up my horse, and walkt to St. Paul's
'Lord,' thought I, 'what a church is here!'
And then, I swore by all Christian souls
Twas a mile long, or very neere."

It was too late to enter the building that night, but after standing for a few minutes in the gloaming of a beautiful May evening, the streets, now almost deserted, and "Big Paul" booming out the hour, one feels as he walks away that he has had enough for once; he will reserve for another occasion his inspection of the interior.

Retracing our steps along Fleet street, we come to the Strand, now truly presenting a gay scene, as it was the hour for the opening of the theatres. An hour or more was spent in one of these, and then we passed into the brilliant region of Trafalgar square, Leicester square, Piccadilly, a crowded scene affording a glimpse of London life in more than one of its phases.

The interest increases as we pass along Charing Cross road, then into Tottenham Court road. At this corner two men, one a would-be scientist, the other a Salvation Army captain, are arguing hotly concerning the opening chapters of Genesis, a crowd having gathered around to listen to the combatants. At the next angle we see two discuss in a practical manner the science of pugilism. Moving forward we hear the thumping of a street organ, and arrived at the spot we see a party of girls keeping step to the lively music.

And again, arrived at another corner, the loud tones of a street preacher are heard as he addresses a motley throng, whose faces, seen by the glare of the gas-lamp, offer a study (although not of the most pleasant side) of human life and character.

A few minutes more, and we arrive at our lodging on Euston square, wondering, with such an infinite variety of sights and scenes from which to select, what our programme for the morrow will be.

J.A.C.

THE CASE SYSTEM OF LEGAL TEACHING.

It is well perhaps for students of one institution, where certain methods of teaching are employed, to know something more or less of the methods used in other institutions. Many colleges are known because of their employment of certain peculiar methods of instruction which have proved successful, and the reputation gained has stamped the mark of individuality on the college.

The unexpected results attending the introduction of the case system of legal teaching into Columbia Law School has converted many of those, who have so far been entirely opposed to the method, to a thorough belief in its future. The promoters of the case system could, a few years ago, be counted on one's fingers, now the tide has turned, and the system has its firm believers in nearly all of the important law schools in the United States. This was especially in evidence during the session prior to last vacation, when several attempts were made by professors

of different colleges to introduce the method into their classes. But prejudice to old time beliefs was too strong, and as at Cornell University Law School, it received in each instance a severe rebuke; but in no case was it opposed on the ground of its incompleteness or inefficacy as a system. These several defeats will no doubt affect to a great measure the immediate extension of the use of this system, while on the other hand, each attempt to widen the field will undoubtedly bring the subject more prominently before the legal public, and, at least, a discussion will be maintained as to its merits and defects.

In 1890, when Seth Low took the reins at Columbia College, and immediately commenced a renovation in the different affiliated departments, many expressed the fear that the extensive introduction of new methods of teaching would end in nothing less than ruin for the old college; but, happily, quite the contrary has been the result, and to-day, Columbia is upon a much firmer footing than she was five years ago. The one chief change was effected in the Law School, namely, the introduction of the case system of teaching upon similar lines as existed at Harvard University Law School. The Dwight System, which had gained a wide reputation, was almost entirely discarded, and the more practical method was introduced, with a new staff of professors. Mr. William Keener, at that time Story Professor of Law at Harvard, was called to the office of the deanship, and the other newly appointed members of the staff were selected from the foremost ranks of the legal profession in America.

In a letter written to a young barrister in 1836 are the following words, which have a direct bearing on the subject under discussion. "But no previous attention," writes Mr. Calhoun, "can supersede the necessity of the minutest and closest attention to the case he may undertake after he is admitted to practice, both as to the facts and law. On this point the success of a lawyer depends. The study of particular cases is better adapted than anything else to give full and accurate legal knowledge." This last sentence voices the basis on which the present case system was founded.

The case system is substantially an inductive method similar to that employed in the study of physical science. Much depends upon the manner in which the student regards the cases which are brought to his observation. He must, in nine cases out of ten regard them as being reasonable applications of legal doctrines to real facts, and not as so many strained endeavors to apply in each instance certain rigid, rules, however ill they may fit. Certainly, there are some instances where the courts have been compelled, for want of an alternative, to force the foot in to the previously constructed shoe; but these are excep-

tions, and the principle laid down may be considered as general.

The benefit to be derived from the system depends also in a great measure upon the care which has been used by the editors of the various case manuals which are used in the classes. The manuals employed in Columbia Law School are for the most part very carefully prepared. The cases are arranged under the different divisions and sub-divisions of the subject, in chronological order, demonstrating, as one reads them successively, the history of the subject, and the influences brought to bear upon the common law from time to time by the creation of statutes. Texts have not altogether disappeared from the lists of books used in the courses. For instance, together with Bendick's "Cases on Torts," the student must read the well known work of Sir Frederick Pollock of the University of Oxford, now so prominently before the public eye as England's investigator in reference to Venezuela affairs. Again, Stephen on "Common Law Pleading" is used with Ames' "Cases on Pleading;" but in all other courses, case manuals only are used.

"The best test of any method of teaching is that it shall actually teach; that pupils who have gone out from one or more years of experience of it have found themselves effectively prepared for the work which lies before them in active life." Until this practical test can be applied to Columbia graduates, it will be impossible to argue the merits of the case system, as it is conducted in that institution. A prominent New York lawyer was asked the other day, why it was, that students coming from the New York Law School were preferred by the older practitioners, to those from Columbia Law School. "Why," he answered, "it is simply because those graduating from Columbia know as much about the law as some of us who have been practising for twenty years, while those from New York Law School must enter an office, and learn to apply their theory like we did."

SHARON GRAHAM.

"HERE AND THERE A-WHEEL."

We—that is, my friend Charles Young and myself,—were finishing tea in the dining room of the cozy hotel at Cold Stream on the Hudson, and the waitress had just brought me a third glass of milk. She was evidently the landlord's daughter, a pretty little thing, who asked you so entrancingly to have some more of something; and left you with the sole desire of having another glimpse of her rosy cheeks and trim figure. This was my condition exactly, as we sat there near the open window; and looked, past a long tow of canal boats moving slowly southward,

across the Hudson to the pine-clad mountains sharply outlined against the glory of the setting sun. A feeling of drowsiness gradually came over me, and the beauty of the view faded from sight as my own nature claimed her rest. During the night there came up the most severe thunderstorm—so said the oldest inhabitant—that has visited the place in forty years. Charles woke me up to hear how hard it rained, and I dreamed till morning that I was riding in mud up to my knees.

Seven o'clock saw us pedalling towards Fishkill village on the shore road. Only one who knows by experience can appreciate an early morning ride. The road was sometimes but a stone's throw from the river whose ripples lapped the shore, and again it was cut around the face of a cliff, from which vantage point we looked across the glassy surface of Newburg bay, and thought of the change since he who gave his name to the Rhine of America had anchored the "Half Moon" in those quiet waters, a September morning in 1609. We gazed at old Storm King, and wondered whether it too had changed since the virgin forests about its base had given place to the cities and villages of the Empire State.

If one wishes to indulge in quiet meditation, I can strongly recommend the wheel, for it is never restless or baulky (except upon a long hill), and will stand for any length of time. The thunder shower of the previous night had been a local one, and we soon rode out of its range. My chum might have insisted upon stopping at Poughkeepsie, had Vassar been in session; but as it was not, we pedalled on by the Salt Point road through a beautiful rolling country; and Charles, who is a favorite with the ladies, was most fortunate in his choice of stopping places for milk. He invariably hit upon a farm house where there was a rosy-cheeked lass at the dairy or in the kitchen. The farms and houses seemed thrifty and well kept, and the milk—we did sample a few glasses—was of superior quality. There was a little excitement now and then, caused by the necessity of teaching members of the canine species that it does not pay to meddle with a wheelman's lower extremities—and dogs, like some people, can only learn by experience. We stopped at Stamfordville that day for dinner; and, if you will excuse me, I should like to say that should I live till my head has lost its last hair, I shall never forget the cherry pie we had. It was the kind of pie that a man tells his wife his mother used to make.

That afternoon we met a funeral, and frightened the horses of the hearse, thereby bringing down upon ourselves the wrath of the whole village. We stopped for the night at South Egremont, Mass., a most charming little village. The sidewalks of white marble, from the neighboring quarries, bordered by

spreading elms, and the white houses surrounded by terraced lawns gave a most restful and picturesque effect, while the broad, inviting piazzas of the Mt. Everett House were indicative of the kindly hospitality furnished within.

This is the story of one day's run, and each day brings its quota of fine scenery, its exciting and ludicrous incidents, such as a little accident which happened to a friend of mine who was touring in the Delaware Water Gap. He was coasting down a grade and ran into a cow, was thrown upon the cow's back, and thus mounted rode on down the hill. Give your imagination a little play, and you will laugh.

At the risk of wearying you, I shall venture to tell you about one of the red letter days of our tour.

The June roses had faded since we had stopped at South Egremont; and the grain and fruit of September were ripe as, early one morning, we left Boston for Amherst. We wheeled out Beacon street, past the beautifully situated Chestnut hill reservoirs, on through Boston's unsurpassed suburbs, Newton Centre, and Highlands, Wellesley, Natick, etc. The roads were perfect, the sun shining, and just enough breeze to temper its heat. The country, after leaving Worcester, gets more rugged; and about three o'clock the sky clouded and the wind rose—fortunately at our backs. As a result, our wheels hummed under us; and the hills grew less steep. At four o'clock we had covered seventy-seven miles, and had twenty-five to travel, when like a tornado the storm was upon us. In less time than it takes to tell it, we were drenched to the skin, and rode fully twenty minutes before we came to a house. Here a consultation was held, and Charles thought that we had better stop at that farm house; but I called him a tenderfoot; and, as he declared that he wasn't, we pushed on. Bitterly did he rue that decision at the end of the next hour. The rain increased, and the conversation, which had been—"You always were pig-headed—to drag me on in this rain," and "Oh, well, you can't get any wetter than you are," etc.—entirely ceased. The roads became pools, about two inches deep in the horse track, and perhaps twice that in the wheel ruts. There, as we drove our wheels skidding, now into the ditch at the road side, now almost in collision in the middle, the rain not only poured down upon our backs, but the front wheels threw a shower of sand and spray in our faces. Our plight became desperate, and as we tore down the hills in a vain endeavor to make time, the water and sand flew about us as if we were splashing in the surf at Manhattan. Twice, our chains became so clogged that we were forced to stop to partially clean them, then on, on, through the gathering gloom. At half past six, darkness obscured the road; and, though I had clinched my teeth and swore that we

would reach Amherst if we had to swim, we stopped at the hotel in Enfield.

Just here, I may give an additional reason why we were so determined to reach Amherst. We had shipped our baggage ahead, and our present outfit consisted of a tooth-brush and a razor apiece.

We duly registered, and agreed with "mine host" to have our clothes dried, cleaned, and ready for us in the morning. After a rub down, we had tea in bed; and during the evening, Charles read through the Boston paper of the previous day, while I perused the 1884 health report for the county of Hampshire.

The next morning we overslept ourselves, and it was seven o'clock when Charles opened the door to get our garments. Alas, to our surprise they were not there. We searched the room for a bell, but only succeeded in finding a rope ladder with instructions for use in case of fire. Our costume, or rather lack of it, would have rendered even such escape impossible.

Charles opened the door just a little, and reaching out gave two or three vigorous knocks. This was repeated several times, but the only response was the echo dying away down the corridor. Then a bright idea struck "me," for under certain conditions a room may seem cold even in September, and this cold sensation spurred me on. We would stamp on the floor, and run the risk of the room below being a bedroom. At first, we stamped gently, and then with all our might with both feet. We were almost in despair, when mine host appeared, apologizing, and promising that our clothes would be ready in five minutes, as the stableman and his wife were trying their best to get the sand off. I verily believe that they took it off with flails or a threshing machine, for there are ridges on my coat collar even yet. After breaking our fast, we rode the remaining twelve miles to Amherst, where we were welcomed by my friends.

Amherst is a little gem set in the hills of western Massachusetts. Here is Amherst college, also the State Agricultural college, while a few miles distant at Northampton is "Smith's," one of the leading women's institutions of the United States.

Amherst college has about five hundred students, and the buildings are commandingly situated upon a long knoll. There is a fine athletic field, with a good quarter mile track and a modern grand stand, all the gift of Mr. Pratt of Brooklyn.

From the clock tower of the main building the view is magnificent. You look across the valley of the Connecticut to the rolling hills, behind which old Sol hides his face every evening; while north and south the river stretches away like a silver ribbon. On the east rises the rugged ridge over which we had ridden. Immediately below lies the village, its trees shading alike the substantial residence of the villager and the jaunty fraternity house. In front are the

well kept fields of the agricultural college, whose buildings and broad lawns lie in a hollow. Altogether, Amherst is one of the most beautiful places created since the garden of Eden, and a proper description of its beauties is beyond the power of tongue or pen.

A few days later, as we were riding along the banks of the peaceful Connecticut, Charles said—and I heartily agree with him—"Oh! if people only knew how much of varied beauty there is within a few hundred miles of where they spend the summer, they would never remain for three months in the same place. If you have never toured—tour, and if you once tour, with each returning spring will come an aching in the bones and a longing of the eyes, which will only be allayed and satisfied when you are again upon the road.

M. C. H.

ARTS '98.

SOCIETIES.

THE UNDERGRADUATES LITERARY SOCIETY.

MEETING OF FEBRUARY 8TH.

Mr. Greene occupied the chair at this meeting of our Society.

The members were disappointed by their reader and vocal soloist; but Mr. Scrimger, Arts '96, read an exceedingly interesting essay on the "Character of Macbeth." Only five speeches were delivered on the Armenian Question, yet these showed unusual preparation. Mr. Armstrong, Arts '97, opened his speech by reading the Resolution: "That on account of the outrages perpetrated on the Christians in Armenia, the Powers of Europe are justified in breaking up the Turkish Empire." Mr. Armstrong pointed out that no government established on the Koran could ever be tolerated by Christian countries. Persecution being an article of faith with the Mahometan, it was unnatural for him to tolerate heretical minorities. Furthermore, the political bad faith of the Porte was past endurance, and in support of this Mr. Armstrong cited some half dozen important treaties broken by the Turk.

Mr. Trenholme, Arts '97, followed as leader of the Negative. The Sultan was evidently no friend of this speaker, but as a cautious politician Mr. Trenholme looked beyond the necessary war, and feared the consequences of a partition of the Mussulman empire. From England's standpoint there seemed much to lose and little to gain. For example, if England were to hold Egypt, and Russia were given Constantinople, then the Tsar as Emperor of former Turkey would

acquire spiritual control over millions of Mahometans in India, and so become a constant menace to English rule there.

Mr. Willis, Arts '97, used the "straw man" tactic of debate. The flimsy arguments in favor of arbitration and reasoning with the Impossible Turk were quickly demolished, and as the Eastern Question demanded a settlement, war seemed the only alternative. Being more optimistic than the previous speaker, Mr. Willis ventured to suggest a partition which would be acceptable to all the Powers.

Mr. Gardner, Arts '98, was the last speaker. The whole question received historical treatment at the hands of Mr. Gardner. A forecast of the probable slaughter and the inevitable ultimate advantage to Russia was pointed out. And now Mr. Gardner said he was coming to the vital point in the whole subject. Granted a successful war and Russian protectorate over the Mahometan provinces, was Russia worthy of such a trust? Ignoring her already too great strength in Europe, how had Russia treated minorities in the past? How had she treated the Poles, how the Jews? What probable gain was there to Europe in handing over minorities to Russia? There evidently could be none. Therefore, with this insufficient guarantee to minorities under Russia, Europe was not justified in bringing on the war, and hence the Porte must be supported and yet compelled to maintain order at home.

The meeting was evenly divided on the question. The chairman gave his casting vote in favor of the negative arguments.

Mr. Macmaster criticized the speakers in a very discriminating manner, and received the thanks of the speakers themselves.

REPORT OF MEETING HELD ON FEBRUARY 15TH.

Our committee evidently desires to have woman emancipated, and during this session if possible. The present report is concerned with the latest attempt in this line. The final resolution on this vexed question ran: "That universal woman suffrage would be beneficial to Canada." Several new aspects of the question were considered. Among these, not the least was the ground taken by the leader of the affirmative side. Mr. Saxe, Arts '97, claimed that the resolution was a self-evident truth, and therefore he required his opponents to adduce proof that Canada would not benefit by the change. Mr. Saxe went into the enemies' country, and found three arguments usually brought up against the women. After showing these to be illogical, the speaker warned his audience against the eloquence and verbiage which he was sure would tend to conceal the fallacies of his opponents' reasoning. Mr. Saxe was heartily applauded on a very witty speech.

Mr. E. M. Campbell, Arts '97, apparently felt little hesitation in coming after Mr. Saxe. He pitied his opponent for having taken a false position in opening the debate. He refused utterly to admit that the *onus probandi* lay with the negative; more than that, the arguments discussed by the former speaker had not been assailed, and would yet win the debate.

Mr. Greig, Arts '99, and Mr. Colby, Arts '98, were the two remaining supporters of Mr. Saxe; while Mr. Worth, Arts '98, and Mr. Patch, Arts '99, emphasized the arguments of Mr. Campbell. Of these gentlemen, Mr. Worth seemed most to enjoy the debate. He was prepared to defend certain grounds, and nothing turned him aside from his original plan, although his arguments had already been considered.

When Mr. Saxe arose the second time to speak, he was evidently well pleased with his side. Naturally he commented on the fact that the whole debate had fallen into the lines laid down in his opening speech. In pointing his own arguments, Mr. Saxe drew proof from such reliable sources as Logic, Psychology, Mechanics, Sociology and the Star Almanac. Mr. Campbell closed the debate as briefly as possible, owing to the difficulty he found in speaking with a sore throat. Despite the versatility and eloquence of the ladies' champions, the meeting gave the majority its support to the negative.

Mr. Robertson, Arts '96, criticized the evening's entertainment, and at the close of his official remarks gave a short report of the debate against Varsity. Both delegates had enjoyed their trip and debate to the utmost. Their hearing was most flattering, and the debate had been so well reported in *Varsity*, that it was to be sent *in toto* to the FORTNIGHTLY.

MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The last regular meeting was held in the Library, on Thursday evening, the 20th inst. Prof. D. McEachran presiding.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted. The librarian reported the addition to the library of several new works bearing on professional subjects.

On motion of Mr. Kee, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of condolence on the death of Dr. Donald Campbell, '82, and forward the same to the family of the deceased.

Dr. Dawes and Messrs. Kee and Ness were named as the committee.

Mr. Fred. W. Kee furnished a case report of more than ordinary interest. The subject was "Suppurative Mediastino-pericarditis," and led to a spirited discussion on other thoracic diseases.

Horse Breeding was the subject of a paper by Mr. J. Anderson Ness. Its treatment by the essayist in

licated a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and the manner of presentation was appreciated by all.

The chairman followed with instructive remarks based on his own experience. He gave a brief historical résumé of the origin of the French Canadian horse.

Messrs. Higgins and Morris were appointed to act on the experiment committee, and the meeting adjourned.

H. D.

MCGILL Y. M. C. A.

"The Ideals of Christ" was the subject of an address by Professor J. Clark Murray, before our Association on Sunday, February 23rd. It was perhaps the largest meeting yet held, and the interest and pleasure with which his words were listened to were very evident. Others besides students availed themselves of the opportunity to hear the doctor speak on this, which is one of his favorite themes, and such are always welcome.

We shall not attempt to give any synopsis of his address. We feel sure that the impressions made will be lasting.

Next Sunday, Mr. Tory will have charge of the meeting, and on March 8th Sir Wm. Dawson will again speak.

MCGILL MINING SOCIETY.

The usual fortnightly meeting was held on Friday, February 14th.

The attendance was not as large as usual, owing perhaps in some degree to the fact that "Sups" occurred on Saturday morning.

The paper was one on "The Gold Mines of Nova Scotia," by Mr. Jno. E. Hardman, our new Professor of Mining in McGill. The paper went into theoretical principles as well as practical details, and was a treat to those present. It is sure to be of great value to any who will have anything to do in future with gold mining in Nova Scotia. A vote of thanks to Mr. Hardman was then passed, and the meeting adjourned.

DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The members of the Delta Sigma Society have to thank Mr. Nevil Norton Evans for a most entertaining lecture on a trip through Southern Germany and Switzerland. We were all fascinated by his account of Nürnberg, with its old Tower, where the Iron Maiden, once the cruellest of her sex, still lingers; and with its market place, where the old market-women sit with their wares spread round them under

white umbrellas; and Munich, home of music and beer gardens; and Zürich, with its magnificent post office, where it is said that anything from a letter to a grand piano can be posted, if only it is stamped.

But loveliest of all were the views of the mountains, the Jungfrau with its virgin purity of snow, the Matterhorn, the Rigi, and others whose names are known to all. The verses with which the lecturer closed sent us away longing to visit the land of mountain and valley, of stalwart men and devoted women.

CLASS REPORTS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

OUR DRIVE.

It was cold, bitterly cold, at 7 p.m. on the 17th February, but that did not hinder the Science Students, to the number of 120, from gathering at the College gates, to start for their annual drive to the Athletic Club House. While waiting for the sleighs, the boys gave a grand exhibition of their lung power. It was an awful noise. However, it amused the boys and kept them warm, and harmed no one. Five large sleighs were quickly loaded and on the way. There was not so much noise as usual, as the frost was so intense that it froze the sound in the horns, and to blow was but a waste of breath. All arrived safely, as no one was hurt by the cleverly clumsy driver of one of the sleighs, who upset his load just outside the Club House gate.

In the Club House all was warm and bright, and while waiting for dinner to be served, a game of basket ball was indulged in by some 75 players. The progress of game showed that our fellows know more about Rugby football than they do of basket ball. One thing everyone forgot was, that there is such a thing as "off side" in Rugby.

In the midst of a grand scrimmage, dinner was announced, and the game was stopped. No baskets had been scored. On the way downstairs one of the players remarked: "I'm not really as cross-eyed as a look at my glasses indicate."

At dinner each Year had its own table.

Between times there was lots of yelling—College yell, Faculty yell, Year yell, and individual yell, all were called into use. And though very much to the front, they never interfered with the real business of the hour, getting a good full meal. This being secured, President Walkem called for order, and after some time secured enough quiet to commence the toast list. The Queen's health was drunk with all the honors, and to the tune of "What's-the-matter-with-Her-Majesty—Oh-she's-all--right," and all the rest

if it. Alma Mater, The Faculty, Dean, and Professors were then remembered. Regret was expressed that the professors were not present in a body, and their absence ascribed to the very cold weather.

G. R. McLeod proposed the toast, and Prof. Guest responded. F. Rutherford proposed "Sister Faculties," with a reference to the "*Sisters*" Faculty. This was replied to by Mr. Leroy on behalf of the Arts Faculty, the only other Faculty represented.

The toast to the Undergraduates, proposed by Mr. Brodie, B.A.Sc., produced something out of the usual run of after-dinner speeches by way of response.

Each speaker laid particular stress on the fact that his year was the *best* that had ever been in college; had been most successful in "scrapping," studying, and in all that makes a class popular in college.

It is wonderful how many battles, bloodless and otherwise, have been fought and won, by both sides, in the last four years. G. G. Hare, '96, R. Balfour, '97, A. Laurie, '98, were the speakers.

The "Freshmen" were toasted separately, being too *green* to toast along with the more seasoned older Years. They were quite satisfied with themselves, and N. McLeod, who spoke for them, said so.

One of their number had won the individual trophy on Sports Day.

Songs were sung by H. E. Huestis and O. S. Finnie, all joining in the chorus in a very spirited manner. W. T. Chamberlin contributed two flute solos. Health were drunk in honor of the Ladies, the Graduating Class, Sports and the Chairman. In the large hall, basket ball was again indulged in by selected teams with better success, as regards scoring, than in the *grand* match before dinner.

The tug-of-war was scarcely a success. The floor was so slippery and the teams varied so much from time to time, as the on-lookers always insisted in helping the losing team, what promised a brilliant victory one instant was the next one as brilliant a victory for the other side—but only for an instant. Several showed their proficiency in "the manly art of self-defence."

Harry Huestis, the acrobat of '96, gave an exhibition of tumbling, that filled in all the blanks on the programme. He received well merited rounds of applause for his feats—all of which were to slow music. Dancing was indulged in by some.

The Club House was left in quietness about midnight, and the drive home was by way of Notre Dame de Grace and Westmount to the College gates, where, after singing Old Lang Syne, the boys went home.

As it was their first offence, the Freshies were excused from lectures until 11 o'clock next morning.

"Who has forgotten his first year's Mechanics"
Surely not the Dean!!!

Hydraulic Lab. Saturday, 12 M.

Prof.—(Calling roll.)

W——t. "Here, Sir."

J——q——s. No reply.

Prof.—(Sotto voce) "Gone as usual."

THIRD YEAR.

"Who is getting the doughnuts?"

"I doughnut know."

Prof.—"This Boyle's Law".....(pauses)

Student (who has not looked in the book).—"How can law be boiled?"

Had Cinderella anything to do with Ash Wednesday?

M——b——n (as P——r is about to slope).—"Are you going to take a sneak?"

P——r.—"No, I'm going to leave you where you are?"

Since last issue some one has solved the problem "Find the amount of work done by '97 during the present term." But the integration formulæ are so complicated that it would tire the general public to read it. The amount of time equals 5 hours approx.

We much regret to hear that Mr. F. W. Thompson of '97 is obliged to leave the college through ill health. He will spend the remainder of the winter months in the Adirondacks or in Colorado. Needless to say Fred. will be very much missed by his class mates.

ARTS NOTES.

FOURTH YEAR.

Who talks about the strife between Religion and Science? Let him ponder the following quotation: "The temperature rises at the rate of 1° Fah. in every 64 feet, as we descend deeper and deeper into the crust of the earth. If we went on for 50 miles we would have a temperature of 4,600° Fah. So you see we would eventually get to a *pretty hot place*."

We are told by the Prof. of Geology that certain fossils which resemble cork-screws are so abundant in a certain region that it looks as if there had been "*one of these great dinners*" there, and every one of the guests had left his cork-screw behind him.

Inquisitive Partial.—"Hello, what are those?"

Class Sec.—"Tickets for 'Pinafore.' Do you want one?"

Inq. Partial.—"What's a pinafore?"

Voice.—"It's a baby's bib."

Exit *Partial*, with the remark that he does not want one.

A scene described in the Geology class:—China-man washing clothes in a natural hot-water basin in the Yellowstone National Park. The spring suddenly develops into a geyser and blows the celestial, his tent, etc., up into the air. He descends, gathers his scattered belongings, and decamps. "That sounds like a *Guy, Sir*."

Our representative to "Varsity" reports a most enjoyable time. He is elated over the entertainment he met with, and votes "Varsity" a loving sister of McGill.

We congratulate the First, Second and Third Years on their choice of representatives for the FORTNIGHTLY for next session.

With Mr. Archibald as Editor and Mr. Heine as Business Manager, the students in Arts may feel confident that they will be satisfactorily represented on the new Board.

THIRD YEAR.

Incidental to the Rhetoric lectures on the Drama, it might not be amiss to quote from a comedy recently enacted by the following cast:—

A young lady
A bright junior

Scene—a sofa.

Time—10 P.M.

Y.L.—"What part of speech is a kiss?"

B.J.—"A conjunction."

Y.L.—"Yes ——— and my grammar says that a conjunction cannot be declined."

Prof. M.—the other day, after pointing out the etymological value of words ending in —ster, quite innocently remarked: "Thus, gentlemen, a spinster is a valuable relic."

The committee in charge of the Dinner for '97 decided that for many reasons it would be better to postpone it until after the examinations. Then, boys, if we have any spirits left in us, we will gather around the festive board and have a rousing good time.

Members of other Years will be edified to hear that the *conocephalongentalis whyancorealissima* is a very small bug, almost invisible in fact.

It reminds us of one of the verses of a topical song entitled "Climb up to the skies."

"May the man who crams our brains with
Words a mile in length
Learn the naming of one blossom
Saps up all our strength.
May he learn that convolvulus
Mighicraziae
Goes on climbing, climbing ever
Just as well as he."

Chorus: "Climb up, etc."

The Honor Class in Natural Science received as a Valentine—present—one hundred and twenty-seven new minerals.

They think that in former years they have received presents which they liked better.

SECOND YEAR.

Professor.—"What is the nature of that condition, Mr. H.?"

Student (who has been sparring with his neighbor).—"Er-r-r-r-r-r!"

Professor.—"A condition of inattention, I presume, gentlemen."

Several '98 men have been bothered a great deal by the clamors of our Freshies that they could play hockey as well and better than all the Sophs put together. So, the other evening, our heroes laid aside their books, and under the leadership of the mighty Mr. Bishop they played for a time with the infants, and found it as easy to shoot the puck through the goal keeper as it is for a cathode ray to shoot through the slide of a plate holder. After eight goals our boys began to suspect that the goal keeper was an optical delusion, and stopped.

N.B.—The Freshies were allowed to score twice in order to encourage them.

Suggestion.—In view of the fact that the Dean of Arts has erected the Prince of Wales feather on his residence, that he also adopt the motto accompanying it.

We are glad welcome to our Year Mr. John C. Bruce, late of Arts '97. Mr. Bruce has had a most successful career in college, and while we all regret his recent illness, we are glad of opportunity to add another star to the galaxy of '98.

There is considerable agitation in our Year over the class photo which will be taken in '98. That set smile has already made its appearance, and the honing of razors is heard in the land.

FIRST YEAR.

D——n, translating :

" Melle soporata * * * * offam obiicit."

" She threw a cake of soap."

Can this be a classical reference to " Good morning, have you used ? etc. "

Who says a " flock " of cattle and " herd " of birds ?

Dr. A. informs us that he has known people to live for a considerable length of time in spite of the fact that they indulged in a certain well known poison—tobacco.

We beg to remind the Sophs that their success at recent hockey match was due to the poor play of the Freshmen and not to their good play. '98 always blow their own horn, and we excuse their crowing over this little success. Let them remember that pride sometimes takes a fall.

MEDICAL NOTES.

THE PRESENTATION TO COOK.

On Thursday, February 13th, one of the most imposing ceremonies that has ever been witnessed within the hallowed precincts of the medical building was piously carried out by the First and Second Years.

Cook! The Cook! The only Cook! The expounder of the law! The silver-toned Deity, around whom the entire solar system of the Medical Faculty revolves, was honored.

Borne high above the heads of the cheering populace—the First and Second Years—seated in his magnificently decorated sedan chair, amid the delicate perfume of the dissecting room, his tall and commanding figure was most impressive. Solemnly and slow, in time with the music of the wind through *Tobin's Tubes*, he was carried to the spacious marble tiled hall—Lecture room No. 3—and seated in majesty upon the throne—the desk. Amid tumultuous cheers, mingled with the Indian whoops of the Freshmen, he bowed serenely and graciously to his minions, and said, " Let her go ! " " And she went."

A mighty silence now fell upon the assembled multitude. Naught disturbed the quiet save the stridulous breathing of the sedan carriers. At length the orator of the day, Fox, arose, and delivered the address on behalf of the students. It was written in terse, compact style, and was only 11 ft. 7 in. in length. This finished amid loud huzzas, he commanded the precious casket—a beer keg—to be pro-

duced. It was rolled in. " Unfold the priceless gems and the store of fine gold ! " he ordered. It was unfolded—that is, the head knocked in, and Cook gazed in wonder upon the gems—a heterogeneous collection of disabled and wasted bungdowns amounting to many dollars. A pair of smoked glasses had been provided so that his eyes would not be injured by the sight.

Amid loud enquiries as to " what was the matter with Cook," and satisfactory answers to the same, the " Guardian angel of the Chamber of Horrors " arose. Smooth as a stream of liquid mud, or a newly macadamized road, a flood of eloquence poured from his inspired lips. His sweet, low voice, " like unto one crying in the wilderness," charmed the ear, and ruptured several mastoid cells. Iambics and dactyls, in measured cadence, shattered the helpless air, even the wind amid the whiskers of the Fourth Year died away to listen in ecstasy to music " sweeter far " than its own. Many a tear flowed from eyes hitherto unknown to weep. Many a vow to do better in the future was breathed by the Freshmen, as they dispersed to the Oxford and other places of worship.

We have been fortunate enough to obtain copies of both the address and the reply for the FORTNIGHTLY.

THE ADDRESS.

To the most Illustrious,

THE EARL OF GOLGOTHA,

KNIGHT (AND DAY) COMMANDER

Of the Lavatory.

COMPANION, if not of MICHAEL, at least of GEORGE.

Following in the footsteps of the generations which have preceded us, and animated by a desire to imitate all their virtues while we abjure their vices, it is appropriate that at this season we should take the opportunity of extending to you the united good wishes of the First and Second Years, accompanied by a more tangible recognition of those many virtues which have rendered the name of *Cook* not only a household word throughout the length and breadth of this Continent, but one of the sweetest and most fragrant reminiscences of early childhood.

Not one of us is there present who does not recollect with what vague doubts and apprehension, what unspeakable emotion—not unmixed with awe,—we first intruded on the sphere of your domain, nor shall we ever forget the sense of beatific calm and reassurance which stole along our vaso-motor stem upon gazing into your paternal retina, and listening to those dulcet and soporific tones which cause the whiskers of our Agrarian cousins to vibrate in sympa-

thetic unison and awaken a responsive echo in the cerebral vacuum of our civic brethren.

Whilst you have had the advantage of becoming familiar with many classes of Medicine in the years which have preceded us, it must be a source of great satisfaction to you that you have been accorded the privilege of coming in contact with those beauties of mind and of form, those rare traits of character and intellect, that perfect unison of psychic and physical attributes embodied in the members of the present First and Second Years.

Believe us, we feel very deeply the onus of maintaining the lofty degree of morality, sobriety and intellectual culture which has hitherto punctuated our career, and which has led us to be recognized as the *Optimus Annus* of this Faculty; and if it should happen that any time we should lapse into more tortuous paths, it will be because in our perfection we are magnanimous, and wish not to place too high a standard of morality for the emulation of our successors.

In your capacity as occupant of the *Telephonic Chair* in this Faculty, we have a few innocuous interpolations to bring to your consideration, and trust that you will influence your coadjutors as to have the following suggestions perfected. We think that it would be advantageous if a free barber shop could be opened as expeditiously as possible on the College grounds for the benefit of the Third and Fourth Years.

Also, that in event of future cold weather, and heating arrangements being the same as during the last season of rigor, either buffalo robes be provided, or a liberal supply of C_2H_5OH .—*Scotch variety preferred.*

The Stool Question.—As there is a scarcity of stools in the dissecting room, we would suggest that surcingle be provided, in order that an indissoluble anastomoses may be secured between the individual student and this article of furniture. This is a stern necessity.

We also take this opportunity to thank you for the kind loan of your tin-lined portmanteau, in which nightly repose our wearied limbs in not wholly unchecked liberty, and have to attest to the fidelity of St. George, your Grand Master of the Seals, in the discharge of his many varied and juicy functions.

Finally, we would commend to your paternal care that galaxy of incipient adolescence which decorates the posterior superior eminences of this Theatre, and trust that in your reply you will extend to them some of that wholesome advice in reference to morals and temperance which one of your lurid and variegated experience is so well qualified to administer.

(Signed) TIM PANUM,
(for First and Second Years.)

MCGILL, February 13, 1896.

THE REPLY.

Oh, my Children of the Scalpel. Oh, my Pestle Knights so wise,
Kids, by paths, of knowledge grazing—I'm quite taken by surprise.
This tribute of affection to my virtue and my worth
Is as unexpected wholly as the taxes or your birth.
I have hearkened to your sentiments and sparkling gems of thought;
Such expressions of affection may be earned but never bought.
And as attempt to public speech with me is quite absurd,
I'll simply now express my thanks—though impotent the word.
I'm glad that you appreciate my whispers of advice
When first the FRONT door steps you mount—you rarely do it
twice—

But this is always for your weal, and be it understood
Your freshness must be tempered here, and Cookie does it good.
There are phases in the cycle of your brief collegiate classes,
When some of you behave like geese and some of you like asses,
'Tis then, when half the class will hiss, whilst others ply their heels
That sapient B.A.'s tap the head and gently murmur "wheels;"
But, as when butterflies appear, the chrysalis is cast
These frailties of youthful minds will disappear at last.
I was present at your dinner, and of all the things I heard
Of the ballads and the speeches, our Hugh Frazer's was the "bird."
His modest mien, his full-toned voice, his rounded phrases drew
New Sulci on the brains of those whom he addressed them to,
And as we cheered him to the sky, as only Medicine can
We felt we had an orator, a hero, and a man.
His prayer for a Gymnasium to be on the College ground
We trust will touch some Croesus with a hard metallic sound.
With that our present Football Team would have an "air-tight
sinch"

When next they meet Toronto or with the Ottawas clinch.
Perhaps we'd have a hockey team—let's hope for this next year;
While Cookie, like a snow-bird, will glide o'er the glassy mere.
Now I think that I have touched upon all subjects of the day,
Excepting of the weather, and of this I have to say:
That when the Ides of March appear, and mental effort lags,
And pains from study "wring the brow"—not those produced by
jags—

Or if by fell neuralgia in the humid Spring you're caught,
And chaos threatens order in your glittering dome of thought,
Then come to me, your "papa," and with true Svengali leer,
I'll lure the ache from out your brow and place it in my ear.

Before I close, a passing word, an incident to mark,
A good firm hand has lately come to guide our College bark;
Our future home beyond the skies no longer is uncertain,
St. Peter's Key to Heaven we've got to thrust aside the curtain.
But whence St. Peter's Key, quoth you, since Peter is not come,
His deputy is here, I say—have we not Peter's son?

I now conclude, my beauteous youths, keep up your preparation.
Cook's hearty sympathy is yours in your examination.
Henceforth as clustering annuals about my brow entwine,
No brighter garland there shall wreath than Ninety-eight and Ninety-
nine.

FOURTH YEAR.

The oil dealers are doing a good trade, and the gas
metre fiend is in his glory—the Fourth Year exams
are drawing nigh.

In speaking of the Dinner, we unfortunately overlooked Mr. Tupper, who so ably filled the position of delegate for Medicine on the committee. We feel sure that the whole Faculty will concur with us in thanking him most heartily for the time spent on

behalf of the Medical Students. We wish also to apologize for the tardy recognition of his services.

Any student wishing change will please call on Cook. He is well heeled at present.

The character group of the Fourth Year is now for sale. It is a very cleverly arranged picture, and hits off many of the men beautifully.

THIRD YEAR.

We are glad to note that W. H. Thomas is able to attend lectures again,

J. A. Tierney has been indisposed for a few days.

We hope to see Mr. Von Eberts in his place again soon.

G. S. Gordon took in the social events at the Capital for a week. He attended the historical ball, and enjoyed himself immensely. He says the Conservative party have now a good chance of being returned to power.

The Class presented H. G. Campbell with a token of their esteem on the eve of his departure.

Charlie C— had better forego some of his numerous social engagements, as the exams are coming on.

A number of the boys are taking skirt dancing. Jim and Stan. are all right on a straight line, but the turns bother them.

It is currently reported that the "bald-headed row" were among the guests at a social event that took place on St. Valentine's night. We are informed that one "took the cake", and that one with bright eyes was superb.

SECOND YEAR.

Several complaints have been made that Second Year reports of late have been conspicuous for their absence. While recognizing this fact, the reporter

deems this condition of things to be in accordance with the interests of the Year, as his conscience will not permit him to intrude on their valuable time, which might be spent with much more profit in solving the mysteries of the 5th cranial nerve and pelvic fascia.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the final (?) exams in Anatomy. The fad of collecting autographs of the demonstrators is still being kept up with a great amount of zeal, and dissecting cards are filling up rapidly. The hard-worked Soph is inclined to think that "Life is one demnition *grind*."

It is a pleasure to note that the plea to Mr. Cook for more stools in the dissecting room met with such a ready response.

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

At the meeting held for the purpose of electing officers for the FORTNIGHTLY, Mr. B. A. Sugden was the unopposed candidate for Faculty Editor, and Mr. J. C. Moore for Business Manager.

The Faculty is to be congratulated on their selection, and we predict for the FORTNIGHTLY a good representation.

May they be as wise in their selection of class reporters when that matter comes before them.

Assignments for the benefit of creditors are the order of the day among Final Year men.

The class picture is the all-absorbing topic of conversation these days.

Dear reader, when you see a would-be joke in these columns, do not imagine that it is directed towards yourself. Remember "They are others," as the poet says.

Jimmy is the only one of us who can boast of the receipt of a valentine.

We would suggest to certain of the so-called Juniors the advisability of adding a post-mortem case to their list when ordering instruments.

The Hebrew element largely predominates in the graduating (?) class. Erni, Benni and Harri—any more?

SECOND YEAR.

It is a great pity that the oratorical abilities of the Third Year are not more evenly distributed among the members of the class, instead of being the sole possession of one (?) individual.

We hear that a member of the Second Year intends challenging the champion of the "Maher-Fitzsimmons Fight." We offer a word of warning.

What is the matter with K ——'s nose?

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

FOURTH YEAR.

It is well known among our graduates that, last spring, Miss Donalda McFee, B.A., obtained the degree of Ph.D. at the University of Zurich, but we feel sure many of our undergraduates have as yet not heard of it, nor has it been mentioned in the paper of her Alma Mater. Miss McFee was a member of the pioneer class of women at McGill, and graduated in 1888 with First Rank Honors in Philosophy. She then went to Cornell to continue her philosophical studies; thence to Leipzig, in 1891, and two years later to Zurich, where she wrote the thesis, "Berkeley's brene Theorie des Sehens," for which the degree was granted. Late as it is, we would congratulate her most warmly on her splendid career, and wish her all future success.

On reading this, one of our wags insists upon adding:—

"Lives of women such as this one
Leave *this* foot-print in the sand;
German thesis may be written
Even by a female hand."

By the time a Donalda has attained the dignity of a Senior, one might reasonably expect some slight familiarity with the subjects of her Honor Course. But such is not the case with *some* of the class of '96. One of the most illustrious of that Year, when asked to define a simple Latin word, could only do so by giving a practical illustration. Another member of the Year has been severely criticized by one of '99 for her inability to furnish the French equivalent for some college slang.

Scene in Honor History: The students are writing industriously with their thoughts far away in sunny France with the Duc de Guise, when suddenly they are brought back to cold and snow clad Canada, for lo! the roof opens, a ladder is plunged into their midst, and a pair of stoutly clad legs appear upon it. There soon follows the rest of some "horny-handed son of toil," bearing, not as they, scarcely awakened, expected, a lightly poised lance or a flashing sabre, but a shovel and a pipe. As all this descended, the figure seemed to say: "Life is real, life is earnest, my young friends, and you must

remember there are roofs to be shovelled, which, to my mind, is a much better occupation than to be assassinating and murdering all one's fellow-men, as those old French fellows did whom you admire."

We read the other day of a man awaking with screams from a nightmare in which he thought his little son was "a minus quantity under the radical sign, and *he could not get him out.*"

Senior (to junior who has been studying Physiology).—"Just feel my muscle. What kind of fibre do you think that is?"

Junior.—"Striped fibre, of course."

Senior.—"No; fibre chamois."

THIRD YEAR.

On the 15th inst., the members of the Third Year assembled at the University Club for their annual lunch. To them belongs the credit of first utilizing the benefits afforded by the new institution, and the result has been more than satisfactory. This has been the most enjoyable of all their lunches, and perhaps it was owing to the absence of formality, for nobody was made unhappy by the thought of her impending speech, yet their friends were by no means forgotten in the impromptu and enthusiastic toasting.

Donaldas '97 are already looking forward to an event of the same kind next year.

Third Year Donalda.—"A———what are you reading?"

A——.—"Please don't laugh. It is a commentary on Micah."

Third Year Donalda.—"What's Micah? Oh! I know. That's what they put in hall stoves, isn't it?"

SECOND YEAR.

The Sophomore class-lunch came off on Shrove Tuesday. Contrary to time-honored custom, it was held, not in the College, but at the University Club. By this arrangement much trouble was spared, and the lunch, from a culinary point of view, was all that could have been desired. Thanks to the decoration committee, the table was very prettily adorned with flowers. At first a shadow was cast over the assembly by the announcement that we numbered thirteen. The gloom deepened when our President interpreted this as foreboding not death but a "pluck" to one of us. But by degrees cheerfulness was restored, and when it was time for the President

to reply to the toast to the about-to-be-fatal examinations, we had become quite hilarious. Among the impromptu toasts was one to our class officers and another to the absent members. The second toast almost included the first, for of our four officers three were unable to be present. In spite of the disappointment felt at their absence, we passed a very pleasant afternoon, and, I think, all agree that our class-lunch is an institution much to be valued.

“Sie sind Zenge” was Senden’s German, but “You are liars” was —’s English of it. The class wanted to swoon (so they tell us).

FIRST YEAR.

The First Year have had their Lunch, and it was pronounced the most beautiful of such like things that possibly could be by all those who saw it (the First Year only being present, and they having never seen one before). The table was decorated with red camelias and roses. The menus were entirely original and of very novel designs; many of the toasts were novel also. Altogether it was so pleasant that they hope they may be able to keep up to the standard in succeeding years.

By request—

Miss R— has got her cakes—10 of them!

Two happy Donalds riding in the bottom of a farmer’s sleigh attracted our attention during their progress along Sherbrooke Street last Saturday morning. With Trilbys carefully tucked out of sight they gracefully appropriated the end of the sleigh and rode boldly on to College.

Somewhere near Peel street, however, we noticed them becoming rather excited in apparent efforts to attract the driver’s attention, who appeared utterly indifferent to their presence. Then they tried to drop off, first one and then the other, but their courage seemed to forsake them and they sank hopelessly back into the hay.

A last heroic cry on the part of the fair passenger dressed in brown brings the sleigh to a stand-still, they wriggle out and gain the sidewalk in safety, and with a few wisps of hay still clinging to them they walk sedately through the College gates and over to the Library.

EXCHANGES.

The *Presbyterian College Journal* has in the past been known as one of the most flourishing college magazines in the Dominion, and the present year beholds it better fitted than ever to sustain its justly earned reputation.

Perhaps the greatest interest in the January number centres around “The Rise and Progress of the Presbyterian College, Montreal,” which traces the history of the College from a humble beginning to the influential position it now occupies. This historical sketch is accompanied by very fine photogravures of the Principal and members of the professional staff.

To the numerous friends of the College, this number of the Journal will prove very acceptable.

The *McMaster University Monthly* for January is exceptionally good, and contains several carefully written articles on biographical and other subjects.

The number opens with a biographical sketch of Thomas Shenston, with photogravure.

Of the remaining articles, all are good, but the character sketch of Professor John Stuart Blackie is deserving of especial mention. Mr. McPherson writes in a bright, captivating style that is in complete harmony with his subject. Were we asked to quote the parts that most interested us, we could do nothing better than reprint the whole article.

The autograph portrait accompanying the sketch is from one of Professor Blackie’s latest photographs. The Students’ quarter contains a carefully prepared paper on oratory; and a thoughtful and instructive article on “Home and Character” completes the “solid” portion of the mental pabulum contained in this issue.

The new year brings us the first number of *The Morningside*, an attractive tri-weekly from Columbia University. The February number contains, besides college notes, several bright and very readable poems and short stories, as well as other articles of interest.

We notice with feelings of secret envy that the Columbia Song-Book has been satisfactorily completed and placed in the hands of the students.

We did have hopes that ’96 would find McGill men likewise rejoicing in the possession of a new song-book, but so far they have been forced to content themselves with the compilation of other universities.

Aggie Life is an attractive and stirring periodical from Massachusetts Agricultural College; the notes and contributions, however, are chiefly of a local nature, and of interest to the men of the College rather than to outsiders. The leading contribution is entitled “Our Criminal Class and their Reformation,” a labored but in general, perhaps, a coherent treatment of the subject. The following is a sample of its poetry:

“As Providence willed,
By her bicycle killed,”
’Twas thus her epitaph ran.
“In bloomers and cap,
Through sad mishap,
She went to her death like a man.”

The *Manitoba College Journal* for December opens with "A Breeze from the Foothills of the Rockies." "Water Scenes," an account of an excursion on the lakes of Manitoba, takes us back to the balmy days of the sweet summer time. Perhaps the most pleasing feature is an article on "Student Life in the Sixteenth Century." This is a portion of the translation made by Mrs. Finn in 1847, of the autobiography of one Thomas Platter, who was born in 1499. A few quotations may be of interest. "Schools were not then established in all places; and young people who wished to learn anything went either singly or in great numbers, after renowned teachers. As they were, for the most part, poor people, they lived on alms by the way, and when the thing degenerated the grown ones were called Bacchants, because they lived well on what was obtained by begging, and led a wild and dissolute life. The little ones were called A B C fags During the winter the fags lay upon the floor in the school, but the bacchants in small chambers, of which there were several hundred at St. Elizabeth. But in summer when it was hot, we lay in the churchyard; collected grass and lay in it, like pigs in straw.....Now and then after supper we went into the beerhouses to beg for beer, and the drunken Polish peasants would then give us so much that I was often unable to find my way to the school again, though only a stone's throw from it.....Neither had anyone printed books, except the Preceptor, who had a printed Terence. What was read had first to be dictated, then pointed, then construed, and at last explained; so that the bacchants had to carry away thick books of notes when they went home." From portions of this, we gather that the nineteenth century student is in some respects not so unlike his predecessor of the sixteenth as the uninitiated might imagine.

S.

Pelletier

Organist of St. James Cathedral and Professor of the Piano and Organ

Monsieur L. E. N. Pratte

Cher Monsieur

Les pianos droits de votre fabrique - si j'en juge par celui dont j'ai fait l'acquisition - réunissent toutes les qualités artistiques: timbre limpide, chantant et absolument pur de toutes résonnances harmoniques ou cavernueuses, si fréquentes dans les basses des pianos droits -; Mécanisme facile et tellement élastique qu'il répond à l'attaque la plus incisive comme à la pression la plus délicate; permettant, en un mot, les nuances les plus diverses - Recevez mes félicitations pour ce beau travail
Votre
R. Oct. Pelletier
le 28 Nov. 1893

TRANSLATION.

MONTREAL, 28th November, 1893.

MR. L. E. N. PRATTE, Montreal:

DEAR SIR.—The upright pianos of your make—if one may form a judgment from the one I have acquired—possess a combination of all the qualities esteemed by musicians, a liquid and singing quality of tone entirely free from all overtones and rumbling sounds so frequently found in upright pianos, a touch so light and elastic as to answer to the most vigorous attack and the lightest pressure,—in fact, capable of the most varied effects. Allow me to congratulate you on your good work.

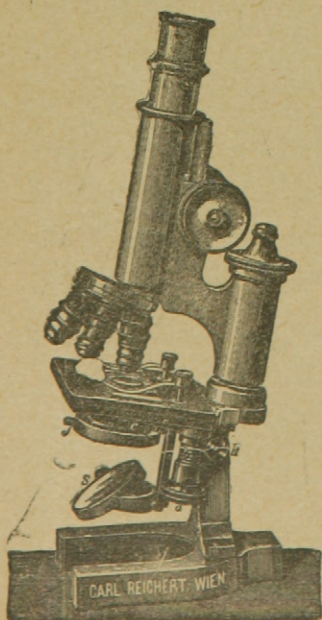
Yours, etc.

R. OCT. PELLETIER.

It is only necessary to know the delicate and conscientious artist who has written the above letter to form an idea of the high value of such an opinion. We have a large assortment of PRATTE Pianos, similar to Mr. Pelletier's, as we manufacture only one size and one quality.

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